

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion	100
One Square, one inch, one month	2 00
One Square, one inch, three months	5 00
One Square, one inch, one year	15 00
Two Squares, one year	30 00
Quarter Column, one year	20 00
Half Column, one year	30 00
One Column, one year	40 00

Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.
Marriages and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.
Job work—cash on delivery.

Von Moltke was little known at the age of sixty. His greatest work between the age of sixty-six and seventy-one.

The London Standard says the world's wheat crop this year will be 20,000,000 quarters short, and as America can't supply it all a prosperous outlook exists for English farmers.

Eight thousand acres of land in Missouri have been bought by a syndicate and will be planted in corn and used as a fattening ground for range cattle. The projectors of the scheme expect it to make Missouri the leading cattle State in the Union.

East Granby, Conn., boasts of supporting the smallest school in the Union. The Cooper Hill district has only two children of school age. One of them being a stout boy, stays at home this term to help on the farm, leaving only one to attend school.

There are twelve streets in Amsterdam, Holland, on which no horse is ever allowed to be driven, even to draw a hearse or fire engine. They are kept as clean as floors, alleges the Detroit Free Press, and when a pedestrian wants to rest he sits down in the street in preference to resting on a dry-goods box.

Writing from Valparaiso, Chili, Fanale B. Ward says: "English goods are almost exclusively sold; an English newspaper is published; there is an English church, an English hospital, English doctors and dentists galore; in fact, Valparaiso is little more than a great English colony, with a liberal sprinkling of Germans and Frenchmen, a few Chileans and fewer Americans."

The secret of New Mexico's rapid growth from desert tracts to fertile plains is explained by the statement that there are over 3000 irrigated farms to be found in it. There is abundance of water in the Territory, and the only difficulty is how to direct it where it is most needed. The problem appeared difficult of solution a few years ago, but it seems to have well-nigh succumbed now to ingenuity and enterprise.

A New York horse-life insurance company, insuring only sound and generally young animals worth between \$100 and \$400 each, reports that of 704 horses dying within the last five years 183 died of colic, seventy-seven of inflammation of the bowels, seventy-four of kidney trouble, fifty-one of pneumonia, fifty-two of sunstroke, thirty of pleurisy, ten of heart disease, four of blind staggers, nine killed by runaways, four were drowned, two were killed by lightning, 123 died of unknown diseases, and eight were burned.

Washington is the only city of a quarter of a million inhabitants in the Union that has no factory girls. The lack of manufacturing and commercial enterprises reduces the working women to a minimum. A few are employed in retail stores, photographic galleries and private offices, but the majority who earn their living are in politics. Another novelty is the total absence of tenement house life. Even the poorest little colored mummy has a house of her own, where she reigns queen of the castle and high priestess of her daughter's children.

According to a writer in the Nation, members of the Mafia, the Italian secret society, have a playful manner of indicating to the friends of one of their victims the whereabouts of his removal. If he has overheard the secrets of the society, his ears are cut off; if he has seen more than it is safe for one man to see, the skin of his forehead is flayed and turned down over his eyes; or if he has injured one of the Madios, a hand is cut off. These mutilations do not hurt the victim, who is dead before they are inflicted, but they convey a lesson that is seldom lost on his surviving relatives.

It is an open secret, asserts the New York Times, that the United States, during the recent war in Haiti, threw the weight of its moral support with the Hippolyte faction, by reason of an implied if not expressed assurance that, if victorious, Mole St. Nicholas would be elected to the United States. "But every one familiar with the Haitian character," said a man the other day who has had considerable experience in that land, "anticipated the difficulties which Admiral Gherardi encountered in his ineffectual attempt to conclude negotiations for the cooling station. It is a trite saying that a politician of the Haytian Republic is perfidious and time-serving. The natives have, however, an almost superstitious reverence for

"NOT AS I WILL."
Blindfolded and alone I stand
With unknown thresholds on each hand,
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdened are lifted or are laid
By some great law unseen and still
Unfathomed purpose to fulfill,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait;
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the load is laid,
By changeless law are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will," the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
"Not as I will," the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and loneliness.
"Not as I will"—because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfill—
"Not as we will."
—Helen Hunt Jackson.

HERMIONE.

BY MARY E. MOFFAT.

The master of Briar Hedge Farm stood thoughtfully apart from the place where his young cousin was lavishing his face and hands at the hydrant, which had been placed in the summer kitchen for the convenience of the men in the busy season.
Some unpleasant thing had happened, or Guy Fellows's frank face would not have worn such a perplexed, uneasy look. At last he said, quietly:
"I wish to speak to you, Louis."
"Yes, Guy," answered Louis, in a startled voice; for Guy's manner was so unlike his usual one that it forboded trouble of some kind, though what it could be was a puzzle. Had he hurt himself or had his pet colt gone lame?
"Something unpleasant has happened. Hermione's bank-book is gone, and they tell me, at the bank, that the money was drawn yesterday by a man who had an order purporting to be signed by me."
"Either the officials at the bank are very careless, or the handwriting must have been a good imitation. Banks can't be much protection to the people depositing in them, if it is so easy to get another person's money out. It strikes me I won't patronize them much when my ship comes in."
"Forgery is difficult to be guarded against, Louis, and the name appended to the order is such a perfect facsimile of my autograph that I myself could not detect the difference. Is this your work?"
As Louis looked at the page of foolscap which was held toward him, and which was scribbled over with various names, among which was that of Guy Fellows, he first turned red and then pale. For Louis was very expert with his pen, and was always copying specimens of peculiar handwriting which fell in his way.
"Yes, it is mine," he said, with a brave effort to tell the truth, no matter what might be the consequences. For like a lightning flash he realized what danger was hanging over him—a worse one than was the faded word which had threatened Damocles in olden times, for that only menaced life, and this, at what did it mean? For an instant he stood as though dazed, looking blankly into Guy Fellows's troubled face; then he threw himself impulsively upon his knees before him.
"I see now. It looks badly, Cousin Guy, but don't judge me by appearances—judge me by what you know of me since we have been together. Do you think any one who knew her would have a hand in robbing Hermione? No, not even if he were an accomplished thief, for less a man whose only wealth lies in his good name."
"I believe you, Louis, even in the face of evidence which would convict you in a court of justice. I have felt all along that you were innocent; and, see here."

As Guy Fellows spoke he held up the paper which had been given as an order for the money, and let Louis compare the brief form signed with his name with the practice-sheet which he had acknowledged as his work. Then he turned and lifting a lid from the cook-stove, he put the dangerous document in and watched it catch fire and then burn to ashes.
Guy Fellows, although scarcely thirty-five, had already come into a fine inheritance by the death of his father. He was a practical farmer, and also what some people consider a visionary one. That is, he was always trying any new experiment which might commend itself as an improvement upon old-fashioned ways.
Louis Carmichael was a second cousin, who had been taken under his protection after the death of his parents. He had been with him now about four years, and although somewhat dreamy and impractical, had grown very dear to his generous kinsman.
Another inmate of the family was Hermione Alleyne, the orphan ward of Guy Fellows. She was two years younger than Louis, but looked to be his equal in age, as he was slender and boyish-looking, while Hermione was of tall and stately proportions. But her playful ways, and merry, laughing face were still essentially child-like.
In his secret heart Louis cherished the hope that, some time in the far future, he might win her love, when he should have attained to fortune and fame. But Hermione was quite an heiress for a country-bred girl, and he was too proud to let her know of his love unless he could meet her upon equal ground.
Now, had Guy been less noble in his trusting generosity, Louis would have been crushed to the earth with shame.

As he was thinking of the bank book he lost, Hermione, who was afraid I would connect him with the forgery on account of his fancy for copying signatures."
"What a silly boy! I would as soon imagine an angel from heaven could do such a thing as you, Louis!" and Hermione took his poor, pale hand and kissed it, bright tears falling upon it as she did so, in spite of her efforts at self-control. "And I am sure Cousin Guy never once thought of it, did you?" turning almost fiercely toward her guardian.
"If you did I would never forgive you!"
Guy smiled. Her indignation was so childishly impulsive that it took away the sting of her words. Then, too, he did not deserve it.
"Gently, Hermione," he said, "or you may hurt Louis's feelings. You

won't hear Cousin Guy scolded, will you, boy?"
But Louis made no answer. He was for the moment oblivious of the presence or even of the existence of any one but Hermione. Her agitation had betrayed her secret to him, and he was so exultantly, recklessly happy that he recked not of anything outside of the one blissful fact that his love was returned by Hermione.
"I see. 'Tis the old, old story," said Guy, gravely but kindly; and he took Hermione's hand and placed it within Louis's, "and I will now leave you alone to settle matters between you, merely saying to you, Louis, that the upland farm is yours, and that I shall carry it to you the funds with which to secure it on successfully. As you said, a little while ago, 'One good turn deserves another.' I thus prove the truth of the adage. You promised it previously in what was almost your death."
As soon as Louis was fully recovered, he and Hermione were married.
It was not until several years later that the truth about the lost bank-book came out. It had been left carelessly upon the library table, and a thief who had gained unobserved entrance to the house had stolen it, and at the same time had picked up one of Louis's practice-papers, thinking that it would serve to aid him in drawing the money, as he had a confederate who was handy enough with his pen to take advantage of the fac-simile of Guy Fellows's handwriting.—Fashion Base.

"The Silent Dane."
In his early manhood Moltke was called "The Silent Dane," and later he was popularly known as "The Great Tactician;" yet he could speak seven languages fluently. Although one of the world's profoundest and sternest soldiers, he was one of the most modest and affectionate of men. Occasionally one might see him in Berlin driving in a plain cab, or sauntering along a principal street looking in at the shop windows, but few recognized him. He was as regular as the clock in his daily tasks; and even in the lighter employments of his long life he was ever painstaking and methodical. Out of these traits grew, within his fine literary ability, that, besides his published letters, produced several valuable military histories.
The crowning honor of his life was the way Germany celebrated the completion of his nineteenth year. From the Baltic to the Alps, from the Voges to the Vistula, every household joined in the great jubilee, hung out the national colors and likenesses of Moltke in flags and torches. Berlin was decorated and enthusiastic as it had never before been, for any private citizen. Germans throughout the world set apart October 26, 1890, as a fête day for the Vaterland, and a day of praises and congratulations for her greatest soldier. The grim old Field Marshal was tactician, almost by necessity, being nearly smothered by honors and rich presents; but when the city fathers of Berlin sent him their greetings, accompanied by the sum of fifty thousand marks as a charity fund, he replied: "Germany, say to your Council that this gift touches my heart, and that of the many and rich presents I have received to-day, this is the most valued." When, since the death of Washington, has the world seen a more modest, complete, successful and noble life!—Harper's Weekly.

The Reward of Sagacity.
One of the stories they tell of "Old Hutch," the grain speculator, to illustrate his sagacity in discovering pecuniary opportunities is this: He noticed the windows of a big carpet store decorated with placards stating that prices were reduced, as the whole stock of the concern was to be closed out. Struck with the idea he went in, asked the price of several lines of goods, the quantities in stock and the original prices. Having indeed gone practically through the place he sent for the heads of the firm and coolly made them a lump sum offer for the whole stock, good-will and fixtures of the concern. The bid was accepted, and "Old Hutch" at once gave his check. Then, without leaving the place, he sent for a relative, who, by the way, was in another line of trade, and informed him that he wanted him to take charge of his new acquisition and run it, adding: "At the prices I paid there is money in it." Events proved the correctness of Hutchinson's judgment, and the business so summarily purchased is still in successful operation.

Sheep's Wool Sponge.
There is on exhibition at a store in Pearl street, New York, an enormous sheep's wool sponge, which is said to be the largest one ever obtained. It measures ten feet in circumference and is two feet thick, being quite solid throughout. It was fished up near the Bahama Islands by the crew of a vessel engaged in that trade, and, judging by the stories of the fishermen, they had a tough time in getting their prize aboard. Being in a small dingy when the hooks fastened themselves in the sponge, the men nearly upset their boat in the effort to haul the sponge to the surface. When it was finally secured, the iron prongs of the hook had become straightened out under the tremendous weight. When thoroughly soaked this monster sponge is said to hold ten pailfuls of water.—Times-Democrat.

Land Sold by Fractions of Inches.
It is a rare thing that the fractional part of an inch of a piece of ground is conveyed by a separate deed. In recopying one of the old books of the first series such a deed was found, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. It was made out in 1822 by Arthur St. Clair. The conveyance reads: "The 1,000 pt. of an inch from the s. e. cor. of lot No. 23, and running south 1/2 of an in.; thence s. 1/2 of an in.; thence e. to pt. of beginning. Bought by G. W. Jones." The cost of the dwarfy piece is put down at \$2.25.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

It has been shown that if the sun was a burning sphere of solid coal it could not last 6000 years.
The price of platinum has advanced fully 100 per cent, owing to its increased use for electrical purposes.
When the Minneapolis suspension bridge was removed recently, the anchorage irons, although they had been carefully imbedded in cement, were found to be deeply corroded.
One million tubes for Koch's lymph is the work which is at present engaging the attention of a German glass works. The tubes are made of a fine quality of glass, and are closed with a glass stopper.
A sugar, fifteen times sweeter than cane-sugar, and twenty times sweeter than beet-sugar, is reported by a German chemist from cotton-seed meal. It cannot be sold to compete with the ordinary article.
M. Darnoiseau, of France, has invented a camera to take panoramic views. It is made to turn on its axis so truly that the picture on the entire strip of sensitive paper is said to be perfectly clear in its details.
The four most common causes of boiler explosions are external corrosion, overheating, overpressure and weakness of flues. The four least common causes are absence of safety valve, bad material, weak manhole and deposit.
The principle of the compressed paper car wheels, which are so widely used throughout the world, is applied in France to the manufacture of pulleys for power transmission. The pulleys are said to be very light, cheap and serviceable in every respect.
A Swedish metallurgist, C. A. Caspersen, tests the hardness of iron or steel in process of manufacture by electrically melting a sample of certain size and comparing the strength of current necessary with that known to be required to fuse standard pieces of metal of determined hardness.
A firm of stone cutters in Berlin have introduced a pneumatic chisel into their establishment. The workman holds the syringe-like apparatus with both hands, and, as he slides it over the surface of the stone or metal, the chisel, making 10,000 or 12,000 revolutions a minute, chips off particles.
A German electrician, Herr Guleher, has made a thermo-electric battery giving electric power equivalent to 1.08 per cent of the heat employed, and hopes to exhibit at Frankfurt a battery which will yield at least five per cent net effect. With an economical source of heat, he believes that his thermo-electric battery will even excel the dynamo machine in efficiency.
A gallon pail filled with fine sand placed within easy reach of each workman employed where oiling and finishing is going on is strongly recommended as an essential part of the equipment for fire protection in wood-working establishments. This practice can be followed with advantage wherever there is a possibility of fire starting in oil or oil-soaked materials. It has been found that nothing will subdue an oil-fed fire so quickly and effectually as sand, and the subsequent freedom from water damage is a strong point in its use.

These are queer fish.
ODD SPECIMENS OF THE FINNY TRIBE IN NEW YORK MARKET.
"The Silver King."—A Fish That Sleeps on the Water—The Drum Fish—The Dace of Fishes.
A great many new and odd fish occasionally come into Fulton Market. They feast the eyes rather than the stomach. Among them is the tarpon, the prince of the finny tribe in the tropic seas. He wears a shining armor and so is called "The Silver King." His weight is seldom less than fifty pounds and sometimes reaches 200. A small silver king is four and one-half feet long, and some stalwart specimens have been caught which measured six feet six inches.
Not long since a silver king was displayed on Commissioner Blackford's stand in Fulton Market, to the dismay of people who tell fish stories. He weighed 105 pounds and was almost six feet in length. His body was enveloped by an argent coat of mail made up of brilliant scales. He looked like a fish that had been silver-plated. Ladies came to get these scales to have them set by jewelers, with a view of wearing them as ornaments. Indeed, the fair sex is wont to make this aesthetic use of the glittering scales of this beautiful fish, and to wear them as bangles, necklaces and charms. The scales of the silver king thus have a commercial value and bring more than his flesh. He is the only known fish that is worth more to wear than to eat. The haunt of the silver king is the coast of Florida. At present he is the delight of the sportsman.
Another odd fish, sometimes brought to Fulton Market in a fishing smack, is the "Jew fish." It is almost as big as a young whale, and has a mouth as big as a washtub. Some of them weigh more than 600 pounds. It is yellow or amber in color, and is mottled with dark brown spots. Its lateral fins are larger than an elephant's ears. At first sight it would not seem to be good to eat. Yet this fish is edible, when young is rich and well-flavored, like black bass. It is caught off the coast of Florida and in the West Indies. It has the peculiarity, unusual in fish, of sometimes falling into a doze or falling asleep on the surface of the water. On these occasions of somnolence it is frequently shot like a duck and thus captured. The largest one ever brought to Fulton Market weighed 135 pounds.
A sub-tropical fish which has become very popular in New York in the past few years is the pompano. It is caught in the Gulf of Mexico and shipped from Pensacola to this city. It favors haunts in the east coast of Florida. The pompano is a delicious fish and tastes somewhat like a Spanish mackerel. In explanation of this, it may be said that the fish served in ordinary restaurants as Spanish mackerel is not Spanish mackerel at all, but a venerable, moss-grown and tough species of fish sometimes facetiously called "horse mackerel." The pompano is very short and very fat. It has a smooth skin and is a dark steel color. The pompano as it flashes through the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, shows sapphire and emerald, and topaz and silver. It is a deep-water fish and likes to keep near the bottom, where it can feed on shell-fish.
A channel bass may now and then be seen in Fulton Market. It is a brilliant golden red in color, and is the iridescent dream of all the fish that swim. It is one of the many beautiful and brilliant fish that come from the sub-tropics. It is a good fish to eat, but it is like orchids and roses, better for adorning the table. It is the Oscar Wilde of the finny world, the courtier of the court of Neptune, the dandy of mermaid's grotesques.
An occasional visitor who comes to Fulton Market to pay his compliments to Fish Commissioner Blackford is the crevalle. It rejoices in the picturesque names of Crevalle Jack, Yellow Jack and Amber Jack. Its color is usually the delicate amber of lager beer. It is a little larger than the average pompano and, like the latter, is a short, plump fish.
The drum fish sometimes manages to drum its way into the market. It is sometimes weighs as much as eighty pounds. Its force is music. A school or musical academy of drum fish will sometimes proceed up a river, drumming like a New York drum corps, and leading the fishermen to think that an invading army is approaching. This drumming is a peculiar noise which the fish make under water.—New York Journal.

Hall in Europe.
The record of injury from hail in Wurtemberg for sixty years (1828-87) has been investigated by Herr Buhler. The yearly average of days with hail is found to be thirteen, July having the largest number of any month and June the next. About 0.32 per cent of the cultivated land was affected, damage being done to the extent of \$600,000. Of seventeen hail-storms paths made out, one very often taken in from Scherer to Ulm on the Danube, forty-five miles long and ten wide. The paths are all connected with the configuration of the ground. Slopes with a western exposure suffer more than those with an eastern, while plains are much less affected than hilly ground. No evidence appears of increase in the fall of hail in the course of decades, and the much mentioned influence of forests is not distinctly proven.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

Darwin Always Dodged.
Darwin used to go into the Zoological Gardens in London, and, standing by the glass-case containing the cobra di capello, put his forehead against the glass while the cobra struck out at him. The glass was between them; Darwin's mind was perfectly convinced as to the inability of the snake to harm him; yet he would always dodge. "Time after time he tried it, his will and reason keeping him thus his instinct, making him dodge. The instinct was stronger than both will and reason.—Argonaut.

THESE ARE QUEER FISH.

It is peculiar that when a man is full he has a vacant look.
There is very little security in a lightning bolt.—Lond. Courier.
The farmer declares a dividend on his plowshares.—Washington Star.
Natural selection—The best umbrella in the rack.—Harvard Lampoon.
The fisher for compliments generally baits his hook with flattery.—Boston Courier.
"Actions speak louder than words." We may never say die, but we've all got to do it.—Puck.
The mousethatch is a sign of beauty, but it never has sense enough to get out of the wet.—Puck.
"Some men can't stand suspense," as the philosopher said when he witnessed the hanging.—Columbus Post.
The man that has "gone to grass" finds that he has to keep off of him when he has got to the public parks.—Puck.
A Chicago man has just had a coat-of-arms fixed up with the motto, "All things come to him who hustles."
"Hello," said the citizen, as he watched a cloud of dust arising, "I see real estate is going up again."—Washington Post.
That was an ingenious disciple of Isak Walton who asked for electric cells with a lightning rod.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.
It is all right to hawk spring chickens about the streets, but it isn't to hawk them about a barony.—Washington Star.
Sharp—"Renthau is going to move again." Plat—"How do you know?" Sharp—"He's using up the back steps for kindling."—Puck.
A man in North Carolina has a horse 40 years old, and he is doing all he can to smooth the animal's pathway to the globe factory.—Trenton Star.
Freshly—"The moon is just comfortably full now." Old Soak (with the knowledge of experience)—"It will soon be reduced to its last quarter."
Sunday School Teacher—"When your father and mother forsake you, who will take you up?" Small Boy—"The parlor, sir."—Harvard Lampoon.
Beggar—"I was once a soldier, sir." Veteran—"You was what? I'll prove it. Attention! Eyes right!—Now, who is next?" Beggar—"Present arms."—New York Herald.
Things One Would Rather: Algernon (who is much given to talking in phrases)—"Angeline, I love you with a fervor—a fervor worthy of a better cause!"—Harvard Lampoon.
Mr. Rasticus—"Miss Simper, shall we promenade?" Miss Simper—"Promenade! With a pleasure." Mr. Rasticus—"Shall we have a glass of—or—lemonade first?"—Chicago Tribune.
"Mercy me!" said Miss Pascoe; "I sincerely hope they will not pass the law making a day of eight hours." "Why not?" "Just think how rapidly we shall age! Just three times as fast."—Harper's Bazar.
The editor of the Chicago Tribune has probably run into an umbrella. He prints this admission: "No man should carry a half opened umbrella in a crowd. He should either put up or shut up."—Kansas City Star.
Old Vickers—"Oh, of course, you think you know ever so much more than your father." Young Vickers—"Oh, no, I don't; indeed I don't. It is, no doubt, true that your age and experience more than counterbalance my superior intellectual ability, pa."—Indianapolis Journal.
"Well," said a lawyer as he entered his condemned client's cell, "good news at last." "A reprieve?" eagerly exclaimed the prisoner. "No, not a reprieve, but your uncle has died and left you \$2500, and now you can meet your fate with the satisfying feeling that the noble efforts of your lawyer in your behalf were not unrewarded."—London Tit Bits.
"Young man," said the stern father, "do you realize that my daughter is in the habit of wearing dresses that cost all the way from \$50 to \$100?" "I do," replied the young man, "frankly, 'frankly, sir,'" he continued, an exultant "and, sir," it was only the other night that we took an account of stock and found that she had enough of them to last three years ahead."—Cleveland Herald.

NO WONDER BOES ARE BUSY!
An enthusiast on the subject states that each head of clover is composed of about sixty distinct sugar tubes, and each of these contains sugar not to exceed the five-hundredth part of a grain. The proboscis of the honey bee must therefore be inserted into 500 clover tubes before one grain of sugar can be obtained. There are 7000 grains in a pound, and, as honey contains three-fourths of its weight of dry sugar, each pound of clover honey would represent the insertion of its proboscis in 2,500,000 clover heads.—New York World.

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THESE ARE QUEER FISH.

It is peculiar that when a man is full he has a vacant look.
There is very little security in a lightning bolt.—Lond. Courier.
The farmer declares a dividend on his plowshares.—Washington Star.
Natural selection—The best umbrella in the rack.—Harvard Lampoon.
The fisher for compliments generally baits his hook with flattery.—Boston Courier.
"Actions speak louder than words." We may never say die, but we've all got to do it.—Puck.
The mousethatch is a sign of beauty, but it never has sense enough to get out of the wet.—Puck.
"Some men can't stand suspense," as the philosopher said when he witnessed the hanging.—Columbus Post.
The man that has "gone to grass" finds that he has to keep off of him when he has got to the public parks.—Puck.
A Chicago man has just had a coat-of-arms fixed up with the motto, "All things come to him who hustles."
"Hello," said the citizen, as he watched a cloud of dust arising, "I see real estate is going up again."—Washington Post.
That was an ingenious disciple of Isak Walton who asked for electric cells with a lightning rod.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.
It is all right to hawk spring chickens about the streets, but it isn't to hawk them about a barony.—Washington Star.
Sharp—"Renthau is going to move again." Plat—"How do you know?" Sharp—"He's using up the back steps for kindling."—Puck.
A man in North Carolina has a horse 40 years old, and he is doing all he can to smooth the animal's pathway to the globe factory.—Trenton Star.
Freshly—"The moon is just comfortably full now." Old Soak (with the knowledge of experience)—"It will soon be reduced to its last quarter."
Sunday School Teacher—"When your father and mother forsake you, who will take you up?" Small Boy—"The parlor, sir."—Harvard Lampoon.
Beggar—"I was once a soldier, sir." Veteran—"You was what? I'll prove it. Attention! Eyes right!—Now, who is next?" Beggar—"Present arms."—New York Herald.
Things One Would Rather: Algernon (who is much given to talking in phrases)—"Angeline, I love you with a fervor—a fervor worthy of a better cause!"—Harvard Lampoon.
Mr. Rasticus—"Miss Simper, shall we promenade?" Miss Simper—"Promenade! With a pleasure." Mr. Rasticus—"Shall we have a glass of—or—lemonade first?"—Chicago Tribune.
"Mercy me!" said Miss Pascoe; "I sincerely hope they will not pass the law making a day of eight hours." "Why not?" "Just think how rapidly we shall age! Just three times as fast."—Harper's Bazar.
The editor of the Chicago Tribune has probably run into an umbrella. He prints this admission: "No man should carry a half opened umbrella in a crowd. He should either put up or shut up."—Kansas City Star.
Old Vickers—"Oh, of course, you think you know ever so much more than your father." Young Vickers—"Oh, no, I don't; indeed I don't. It is, no doubt, true that your age and experience more than counterbalance my superior intellectual ability, pa."—Indianapolis Journal.
"Well," said a lawyer as he entered his condemned client's cell, "good news at last." "A reprieve?" eagerly exclaimed the prisoner. "No, not a reprieve, but your uncle has died and left you \$2500, and now you can meet your fate with the satisfying feeling that the noble efforts of your lawyer in your behalf were not unrewarded."—London Tit Bits.
"Young man," said the stern father, "do you realize that my daughter is in the habit of wearing dresses that cost all the way from \$50 to \$100?" "I do," replied the young man, "frankly, 'frankly, sir,'" he continued, an exultant "and, sir," it was only the other night that we took an account of stock and found that she had enough of them to last three years ahead."—Cleveland Herald.

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